



*Epaulet*





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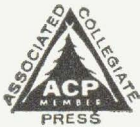
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## The Second Coming

*Jo Knotts '61*

"This is your Father, Thomas."

"I have no father, Mary. Tell me no more myths nor legends."

"You call your mother Mary?"

"I call her by her name."

"But, why not mother, or such name as a child should call its mother?"

"Her name is Mary and by such she is called. I, as her child, am no different than the others. Her name is Mary, and this I call her."

"Thomas, greet your Father. Doubt me no longer, please! How else could you have come into the world, but by Him? How else could you be named but by his naming?"

"My name is my own. By this I am called. Why should I question the first cause of a name? Does it change its spelling? Does it change its sound? What do I care for a name?"

"He is like this constantly. I may as well not speak, or when I speak, speak with dual tongues, neither of which reach his ears."

"Thomas, will you listen? Do not call me Father, if your mind says not. Call me Brother. Call me Kindred Spirit. But, by whatever name, believe in me. I have come at last. I know you have waited long, but I have come. It was neither easy for me to come, nor to stay away from you. You are my own, regardless how much you feel this cannot be so. Thomas, please listen and believe." Twilight fades and the night shadows settle into the niches awaiting them. The room, softened in effect by the hues of dusk, hardens once more as its bareness is revealed. Two couches border the farthest wall. In between them stands the closed door, sole entrance into the one room house. The right wall stretches inward, assuming the same appearance as a child's balloon which when burst is sucked into the mouth to

form a miniature half of its former self. Within this aperture stands a pot bellied stove and adjoining sink with hand pump. The left wall is void of furniture with the exception of a roughly hewn dining table, enormous in size and dwarfing the rest of the room. Two homemade chairs crouch under the table as if in fear. Thomas sits opposite the door of the one room house, his chair is facing the wall which is enclosed with one huge window looking out onto the plain of the lawn, which eases its way up the side of a hill, blackened now by the shroud of night.

Mary gazes at her son with the blank look of despair and consternation. She follows the line of his profile, finely arched and sensitive in appearance. She follows the line of his body downward, observing his folded hands, squeezing and loosening one another, causing the imprints of his fingers to make white silhouettes on the back of his hand. Mary grimaces as she perceives his legs, apparently folded in a kneeling position in the huge chair in which he sits. She turns away, disgusted with herself and his form. She thinks of the irony of this position. Knowing he could never kneel to anyone or thing, she cries inwardly to see him with his severed legs, cut short from the knees downward. She remembers him at birth and how she often hoped they would grow, how the lower legs and feet would appear one day in a miraculous life process. They never grew and today he kneels with severed legs.

"Thomas, night is drawing the blinds. Come and sit with your Guest on the couch. Tell Him of your thoughts. Tell Him of the trees."

Thomas turns and eyes the Stranger standing by his mother. His eyes start their search from the Man's head downward, and remain on the Man's legs which cautiously implant themselves on the polished floor.

"Thomas, cast no blame for your handicap. Do not you see in that lies your strength. Believe me, Thomas. I have seen many much more severed in body than yourself, and yet all their limbs are strong. Come Thomas, talk to me. Try to believe in me."

"You want me to tell of the trees, do you Mary?" What shall I say of them? Yes, I shall tell you of the three trees. Stand here beside me and look out there on the hill. You can barely see them now. Night swallows them gluttonously, making them her own. But, they are mine in day, especially the middle one. Can you see it? It barely shows itself . . . there see it bending ever so slightly in the wind! It is the tallest one! You must stand here and watch them at dusk with me tomorrow. As the sun drops from its zenith and falls into eternity the trees (look, see the middle one!), especially the middle one, crawl up the bloody sky. Every night they crawl up the bloody sky trying to pierce the top. Someday they shall make it. I shall see them when they do. I shall watch every night until they pierce the black skin beyond the bloody rim. Have you heard about those trees?"

"I have not heard, Thomas. Come over here beside the table. Let me help you. Tell me about them."

"No, tomorrow at dusk I shall tell their story. You must see them at dusk and then hear the tale."

Thomas grins at the Man beside him. The black pit of his eyes grows wider drowning the surrounding blue. His grin loosens, slowly, his face becomes expressionless once more.

"Yes, Thomas, tomorrow we shall talk of the trees. I want to listen. In such talk we shall become united one with the other. I shall see you at dusk tomorrow."

Thomas gazes at the Man with un-blinking eyes. He sees his own reflection in the soft, velvet brown eyes. He feels himself being absorbed

into their texture, and fearing such absorption, turns away suddenly.

"Yes, at dusk tomorrow I shall tell you. Goodnight."

Mary shows the Man to the door. They talk in whispers, stand at the open door momentarily, and then He leaves.

"Thomas, you will talk to the Man tomorrow, won't you?"

Thomas looks ahead at the night window. His hands clench one another again. His lips move uttering silent words.

"Thomas, I cannot hear you. You will talk to Him tomorrow won't you? My son, accept Him, whether as Kindred Spirit, Brother or Father. He wishes it to be so, for you does he wish it. Accept Him as all three in one, Thomas, for your own sake, my son. While you thought He was alive you felt Him within you, Thomas. Do so again. He did not die as we thought. He has come back to you, and to me. My son, say you will talk to Him."

"I shall talk to Him. I shall tell Him of the trees, Mary."

Mary's tense body relaxes. She goes to the stove and prepares the evening meal. She lights the lamps and sets the table. Thomas pulls the wagon with no sides from under the great chair. He lowers himself into it and rolls to the table, pushing himself along with his hands as the oars push the boat.

"Look at me, Mary. Remember how you used to say I was in a boat? How I was a great fisherman?"

"I still say that, my son. You are of the crew of the 'Dozen.' They were the greatest of men remember?"

Thomas laughs loudly with sounds that cut the silence in piercing slivers.

"I remember the 'Dozen.' Yes, I still am one of their crew!"

They eat and each retires to their



couch. The night lights are extinguished and the King of Darkness reigns in all his glory.

\* \* \* \* \*

The glare of the morning fills the room. Mary cooks the first day meal. Thomas still sleeps. As sounds of morning fill the room he awakens, turns to her and speaks softly.

"What day is this, Mary?"

"Friday."

"Friday. I must watch the trees today. Help me to the chair, Mary."

"You must eat Thomas."

"I must watch the trees. Last time I did not watch. This time I shall. Watch them with me. Mary."

"I shall watch them with you, Thomas. I did before. I shall again, but you must eat."

He does not eat. He sits and stares at the three trees on the hill. As noon approaches Mary and Thomas watch the trees together. The noon sun becomes hidden by black shrouds and the wind mourns across the hill which eases down the plain of the lawn. The faces of the pair reflect the blood of the sun, then the black of its shroud. The mourning wind becomes louder and the whole of the earth seems to tremble with fear at the sound.

By three the wind has stopped and the sun escapes from the covering shroud and drapes itself in clear blue. Mary turns from the window and busies herself. Thomas watches on. As the sun begins slowly to roll behind the hill a knock is heard on the door. Mary opens it.

"Thomas, He has come to hear of the trees. Speak to Him."

"You have come to hear of the trees. Do you know that when I was born they bled their leaves? See how barren they are now? They were not always like that, especially the middle one. It was the tallest and strongest. Winds have come, and storms, but yet they stand, empty and hollow. See how red they are as the sun loses

its balance? See how red is the middle one? It bled the most, now it stands the reddest. Always at dusk it stands the reddest.

"I see them, Thomas. I know those trees. Long before you knew them did I possess them, and they me . . . especially the middle one. You watched them today Mary told me. Do you now accept me, Thomas?"

"We must go to the trees. We must go now before the sun falls into the nothing behind the hill. Come with me."

"Thomas, take your wagon. Do not try to climb that hill alone!"

"I shall climb the hill, Mary. I shall climb it alone as I've always wanted to do."

"We shall climb it together, Thomas, and then will you believe in me?"

Thomas does not answer. They go across the plain of the lawn, Thomas crawling beside the Man who walks with aching steps.

The sun nears the razor edge of the hill. Thomas and the Man reach the top of the hill and stand beneath the middle tree. As they stand watching the tree Thomas removes a knife from his coat. He slashes the side of the Man, and reaches upward in the crevice for the Heart.

"There is none, Thomas."

The man stands unflinchingly.

"I see there is none, and you are not my Father, my Brother and my Spirit, are you. You are dead as before."

"I am dead as before."

"Then, it is finished."

"It is finished."

Thomas watches the sun drop suddenly and the flame leaps up into the sky. He stands kneeling alone and watches the middle tree as it reaches up into the coming black shroud of night. He stands kneeling alone and watches it crawling up the bloody sky. He hears the sky screech as it pierces the roof of eternity.

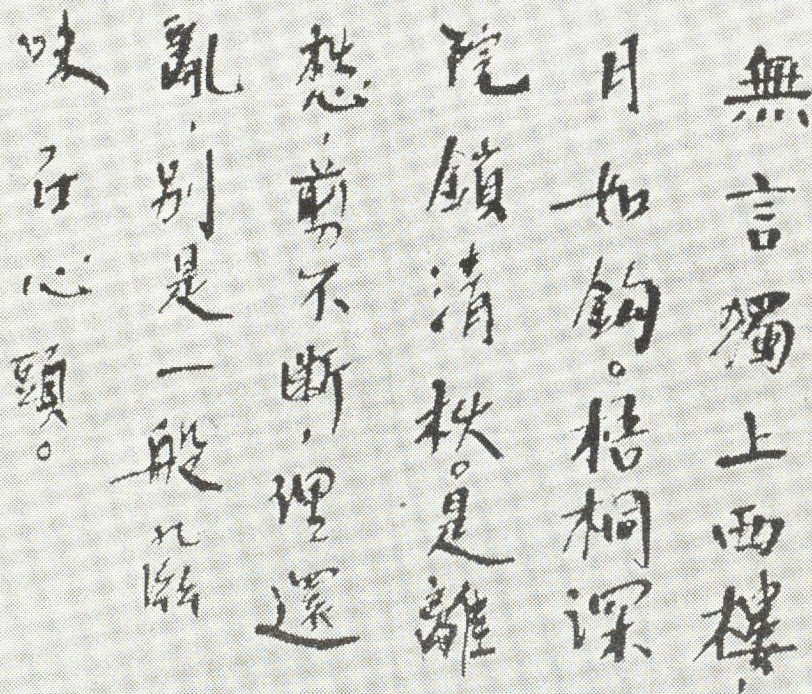


# Chinese Poetry

Sylvia T. Wu

The writing of the Chinese language is a form of art as well as a form of expression and communication. It is both read and written vertically from right to left. The Chinese start to learn this ancient writing at the age of seven. One can hardly forget the exciting moment of holding and feeling a brush in his small hands for the first time while trembling and smearing the black Chinese ink all over the paper and all over himself. It takes years and years of daily practice to make Chinese calligraphy into an art. A serious artist usually spends ten to twenty years' time to copy and master all the different styles of the former masters' model-writings throughout the history. Then he develops his own style. The Chinese characters are written on silk scrolls and are hung on the walls in Chinese homes.

The following poem was written by Li Yu, a great poet and a king in the sixth century. His kingdom did not last long and he was captured, imprisoned, and separated from his wife and children. This poem was written while he was in exile. On this particular autumn night, he ascended the tower alone overlooking his lost kingdom and wrote the following poem.



無言獨上西樓  
月如鉤。梧桐深  
院鎖清秋。是離  
愁。剪不斷，理還  
亂。別是一般  
滋味。心頭。

—李煜—

Speechless I ascend the West Tower alone,  
The moon is like a hook.  
The palm trees in the deep garden lock the  
clear autumn.  
Sorrow of departure  
Cannot be cut  
Cannot be dis-entangled  
What an unutterable taste remains at heart.

Translated by Sylvia Y. T. Wu

—Li Yu—

# Fable by Esoph

## The Weasel and the Fox

A Fox by the name of Bertram, who prided himself on his Foxiness to the extent of writing articles for the local independent *Forest Journal*, on such subjects as "How to Avoid Being Outdone" and "How I Got the Better of an Unwary Adversary," found himself one evening with Time on his Hands. Being Something of a Gambler and A Fast Hand at Pinochle (although by no means Addicted to the Game), he decided to visit one of his Weasel Friends over in Weasel Acres (a new Development) and see if he could Interest Him in a Game.

As the Fox was unused to the unsettled Area of the Forest in Which Weasel Acres was located, and as he had been Feeling a Little Light-headed to begin with (although by no means Addicted to the Stuff), he lost his Way twice; and it was very late by the time he reached Weasel Acres. In fact it was so late that by the time he got to his Friend's House he was afraid the Friend would be Asleep. But much to his surprise he found the House Lighted Up and a great deal of Raucous Music issuing forth.

"Hot damn!" said the Fox, "A Blast! I picked just the Right Evening to come over and Renew Acquaintance." And he knocked on the Door and was Graciously Admitted by his Friend, a Weasel named Alphonse.

Imagine his disappointment to find that Alphonse was the Only One There, and that the Raucous Music was only Jamahl turned up very loud on Alphonse's Fisher. However, his disappointment was soon forgotten in Amazement, for there on Alphonse's Living Room Floor were around Forty Pairs of Shoes, Which Alphonse was apparently polishing.

*Here the Fox doth decide upon an evening of socializing.*

*Here the Fox doth find difficulty in arriving at his goodly destination.*

*The Fox divineth Merriment in Progress.*

*The Weasel is discovered in a Puzzling Occupation.*



"What, if I may ask," asked the Fox, "Are you doing?"

"Oh, hello, Bertram," replied the Weasel with evident Excitement. "Didn't you hear? I have received an Honor."

"Polishing shoes?" asked the Fox incredulously, who at this point, had he been A Heavier Drinker, would have thought himself to be having the Horrors.

"Yes. The Community Planning Committee for Weasel Acres has appointed me official Shoe-Polisher."

"Oh, moonlighting, eh? How much they paying you," asked the Fox, beginning to smell Free Enterprise.

"Don't be silly," snapped Alphonse impatiently. "I said it was an Honor, Didn't I?"

"WHAT!" Here Bertram, who usually managed to control himself in the interests of maintaining the upper hand, completely went off the handle. "You nincompoop! Do you mean to say that you let them Hornswaggle You Into Polishing their Shoes by telling you it was an Honor?"

"Have I been Hornswaggled, Bertram?" asked the Weasel meekly.

"You most certainly have," retorted Bertram, determined to Mince No Words. "You Dunce! If you had read my articles on Getting Ahead in the World and Getting All of What is Coming to You, this would never have happened. One of my First Rules, you Credulous Bonehead, is "Always Be Suspicious of That Which Someone Lets you Do." Didn't you read *Tom Sawyer*?"

"I didn't think it Applied in This Case," mumbled Alphonse.

"That's my Second Rule," the Fox replied. "Never Think Anything Doesn't Apply in This Case."

"Oh."

"Yes. Now the first Thing in the Morning, You resign this Honorary Position of Yours. How'd you like to Play a few Hands of Pinochle?"

*At this Point the Fox Discovereth  
that the Weasel receiveth no  
Stipend.*

*Here the Weasel is called a good many  
goodly Names.*

*The Fox doth display his Prowess  
at Games of Chance.*

After being Thoroughly Trowned at Pinochle by the Fox, the Weasel Bade him Good-bye, promising to Do Better in the Future. Some days later, finding that time weighed Heavy upon him without his Honorary Position, Alphonse decided to repay the Fox's call.

Upon reaching Fox Row, Alphonse found that the Fox's house was Lighted Up and a great deal of Raucous Music was echoing forth across the lawn. Delighted with his sense of timing, and expecting to find a Real Bomber in Progress at the Fox's House, he knocked on the Door and was graciously admitted by his Friend, Bertram the Fox.

Imagine his disappointment to find that Bertram was the Only One There, and that the Raucous Music was only "Watusi Drums" with a heavy woofer. However, his disappointment was soon forgotten in Amazement, for there on Bertram's Living Room Floor were around Forty Pairs of Shoes, which Bertram was apparently polishing.

"Bertram?" squeaked the Weasel in confoundedness. "Don't tell me you've let a Committee Appoint you to an Honorary Position?"

"Don't be a Fool, Alphonse," snapped the Fox with Great Annoyance. "I was elected by unanimous Community Vote. *This* is no Honorary Position. It's an *Office!*"

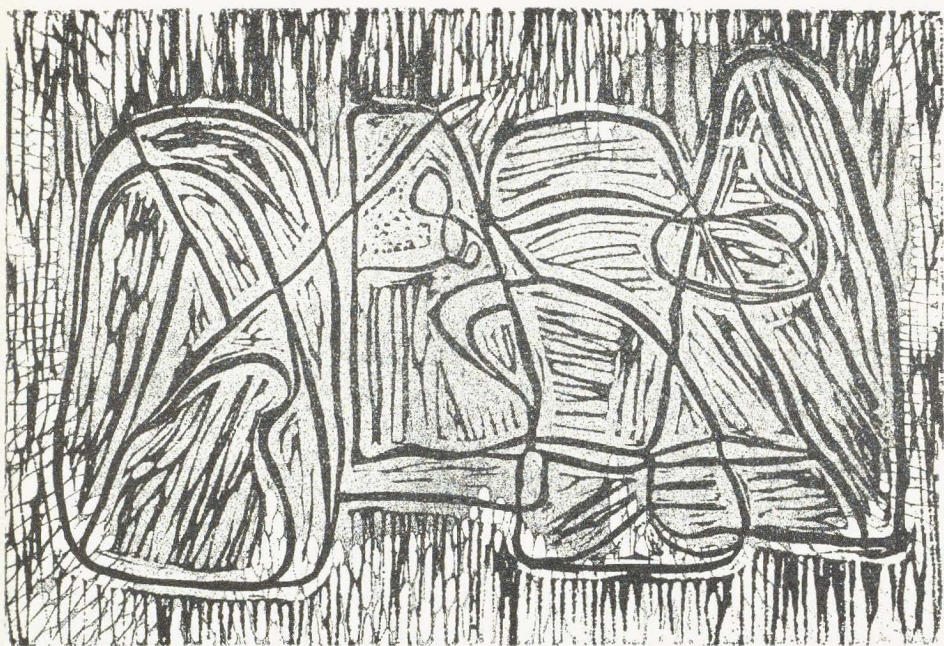
Moral: A rose by any other name,  
Often does not smell the same.

*The Weasel repayeth the Doughty  
Visit of the Fox.*

*The Fox doth discover himself to the  
Weasel as being Occupied  
Strangely.*

*Here the Pot doth inform the Kettle  
that there are two kinds of  
blackness.*





FIGURES IN CONFLAB

*Pat Kenny '61*

TOO LATE

*Sandy Walters '61*

A half-whole speck of life  
lies beaten—  
and one not caring, cares.  
Fumbling for little, unknowing why,  
he moves—  
hoping for hope and gaining none  
from rushing shadows.  
The half-beaten speck, now beaten,  
lies dead—  
and one not caring, cares,  
too late.

# Realism-Theatricalism

Albert R. Klein

The major problem of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* is the interpretation of the theme of illusion of reality. The solution to this problem is sought through analysis of the play's content; that is, the relationship between the actors the director, the rehearsal, the *Six Characters*, and the play within a play on various planes of reality.

This is where the confusion begins. It is not within the content of the play that the solution is found, but within the form. Pirandello is writing a realistic play in form, not an experimental play. It is Realism to the point of Naturalism. Both the time and place of the play are actually the running time of the play and the stage of the theatre. The dramaturgy Pirandello uses in his construction closely resembles the well-made-play form, which is the basis of realistic form.

By convention an audience expects, through realistic drama, to get an illusion of reality. At the opening of the play the audience accepts an illusion of reality and not reality itself. When the *Six Characters* enter and the inciting incident is played the audience is caught under the spell of this illusion of reality, or they can not accept the *Six Characters* as characters in a play.

What the audience has already accepted, that is, the *Six Characters* as illusions of reality now must be expressed through the devices of theatre because of their nature as theatrical characters. When it is realized that the objective use of theatrical devices before an audience is a theatrical style in itself, this becomes the key to solving the problem. It is Theatricalism. Theatricalism endeavors to un-

mask the illusionistic theatre of Realism. The devices of the theatre, lights, scenery, stage, audience, actors, etc. are shown as they actually are. Pirandello uses these devices to tell the story of the play within a play. If he had used a realistic approach the story would have been totally unbelievable. But because it is told through theatricalistic means, it becomes more real than that which by convention is accepted as illusion of reality.

Pirandello combines within the realistic form a theatricalistic expression of the inner story. This curious duality of Realism and Theatricalism is realism based on creating an illusion of reality and theatricalism based on creating reality of illusion. Is this not the expression of the play's theme in style and ultimately in production? The problem no longer exists in the play. It becomes simply a question of changing conventions for an audience. The theatre is no longer a place where the audience witnesses the raising of the fourth wall, but where the audience must actually participate in the proceedings.

The significance of the play is not that Pirandello was able to combine form and content into a style that can be dramatically expressed through the dual nature of Realism and Theatricalism, but that he did it in 1921. The contemporary theatre, in many respects, expresses this duality of Realism and Theatricalism (*Death of a Salesman*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Our Town*, *Skin of Our Teeth*, and even the theatre of Ionesco, Genet, Beckett, *et als.* Pirandello, in this respect, may be the progenitor of the prevailing contemporary theatre style.



Perhaps of all modern dramatists, Pirandello seems, notoriously, the most difficult to understand. Most people who see a Pirandello play for the first time find it a baffling experience. If the play is well done, as it was at the recent Mary Washington production of *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, an audience will have a keen feeling that they have witnessed something exciting, but they will not, most of them at any rate, have more than the faintest notion what it is they have seen.

Why is this so? The main reason, I believe, for the difficulty of a Pirandello play is that at least part of its subject matter lies in the realm of ideas—complex ideas concerning reality and illusion, human personality and the problem of artistic creation. And these ideas are basic to an understanding of Pirandello, for they constitute the view of life he is expressing in his drama and at the same time reveal why his dramaturgy often departs so radically from the main stream of modern drama, that is, from the realistic form used by Ibsen, Shaw and Chekov.

First and foremost among his ideas is the concept of reality and illusion or the relativity of truth. Truth, Pirandello tells us again and again, does not exist absolutely but merely as the product of the endlessly varied conceptions that people have of it. There is no one truth, no one correct view about anything in life. Reality, like an onion, has no core; it is merely layer upon layer of contradictory details which are the various conceptions or illusions that each of us have about the meaning of any event in life. A good example of this appears in *Six Characters in Search of an Author* when the characters, trying to get their drama realized before an audience of actors on stage, struggle with each other because they cannot agree on the meaning, or even the facts of their story, for each has rationalized it in his own way.

Pirandello's idea of personality is an outgrowth of his concept of the relativity of truth. Just as there is no single truth, so there is no single definition of a person's nature. First of all our personality is in a state of flux, constantly changing as it is being impressed by new experience. And, secondly, each of us acts in different ways to different people; for example, we do not act in the same way when we are with our wives as we do when we are with our bosses or ministers. Which of these personalities is really our own when at least part of our reality comes from those with whom we are dealing? The Father, in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, complains that his tragic truth, as the author conceived and left him, lies in the meeting with his step-daughter, who wants to imprison him in that moment. Her concept of his personality is colored by those aspects of it which concern her most. For the Step-Daughter, therefore, what the Father was at that one moment when they met at Madame Pace's becomes his entire reality, his only valid personality. The Father, however, knows that each of us carries within himself

. . . this illusion of being one person for all, of having a personality that is unique in all our acts. But it isn't true. We perceive this when, tragically perhaps, in something we do, we are as it were, suspended, caught up in the air on a kind of hook. Then we perceive that all of us was not in that act, and that it would be atrocious injustice to judge us by that action alone, as if all our existence were summed up in that one deed.

A third and final important idea in Pirandello's drama concerns the paradox of art versus life. If life is fluid, ever-changing, we can never know it except through the rigid, eternal form of art. Art is more "real" than life because it is fixed, permanent and, as such, we can examine it and understand it. But—and here is the paradox—if art is permanent and changeless, it misrepresents life; at the same time that art is more real than life, it also distorts life, for by removing the quality of continuous change it removes the essence of life itself.

In *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, where this theme is central, the fictitious characters are more alive in their suffering than the real actors around them. But as Pirandello says,

If the Father and the Step-Daughter began their scene over one hundred thousand times in a row, always at the same moment, at the instant when the life of the work of art must be expressed with that cry, it would always resound: unaltered, unalterable in its form, but not like a mechanical repetition, not like a return forced by outside necessities, but on the contrary, each time alive and like new, suddenly born thus forever: embalmed alive in its unalterable form.

The common denominator of these ideas is nihilism: a vision of life which denies the existence of any truth. Life is a grim joke to Pirandello, absurd, meaningless; nothing is certain, not even the existence of our own personality. We are, all of us, alone and isolated in life, caught up in our own illusions and unable to communicate with each other, for words, the greatest of human gifts, serve only to multiply misunderstanding. Although Pirandello was one of the first, he was not the only modern writer to present this vision of life. Nihilism is, perhaps, the dominant theme in modern literature.

If this is Pirandello's vision of life, how does it correspond with his dramatic form? A characteristic Pirandello play has at its center some sort of tragedy, such as that of the family in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. But the peculiar thing about the tragedy is that we do not know what it is. We are permitted to see only a small part of it on stage, and even what we do see is hopelessly confused by the conflicting illusions of each of the characters. Pirandello does not give us enough detail, enough information to permit us to draw conclusions about the meaning of the tragedy. This is the essence of his drama: you will never know the truth about the human situation; you cannot even analyze it because it is never fully dramatized.

## CYCLIC

Martha Custis Johnson '61

Hills hazed in orchid promise  
Floating substanceless in the soft drift of dawn  
Mirage-like soon to pale  
As must the day they prophesy  
A day of warmth and bitter-sweetness  
Made yet more precious  
By the very transiency of secret joy  
A day which faded slowly from my futile clasp  
In the gray murk of dusk.



## BOUQUET

*Joyce Gann*



## SEA SCORE

*Patricia Barrack '62*

Eternal Symphony.  
Crescendo.  
Roaring tympani  
and cymbalic crash!  
Diminuendo.  
And the water returns to the sea.

The music blared out again and couples started dancing. Their silhouettes and shadows merged weirdly in the murky, hot atmosphere. There was a loud burst of laughter, a girl squealed, a drink overturned, and a boy wearing a dirty crew-neck sweater began to curse mechanically. The heat was dead weight in her lungs, and the air smelled foul, an animal mixture of sweat, alcohol, putridity, and smoke. She began to amuse herself by watching the violent movements of two shadows in one corner of the room with disinterested interest.

"I'm not really here," she thought. It's all a dream that I won't be able to remember in the morning. At four o'clock the animals will turn back into people and the sun will come up as usual."

Loud voices rose above the tumult around her. Two figures suddenly sprang apart and faced each other menacingly. The hot room held its breath and waited. The record player doggedly continued to inform the world that it "was going to be a wheel someday," unwilling to admit that no one was listening. A mutter raced through the staring spectators and gained volume with each passing second. The figures moved out of the half-light and into a brighter area. They paced around each other, their young bodies strong with animal grace, their young faces bent into snarling masks. She was close enough to hear their heavy breathing and their sordid insults as they circled for the kill. She watched, fascinated with the rest. A primitive thrill chased through her body, a hunger for blood salted her silent cry. She moved nearer, willing her strength to the combatants, aching to be a part of the struggle. She was breathing with them now, thinking with them, stalking with them. Her

whole body was throbbing. The crowd began to move in, circling the two. The mutter was now a roar.

Rough hands pushed her aside and came between the two combatants. Other arms reached from nowhere and plucked up the brawlers and took them away. The room exhaled and started to move again, first slowly with nervous laughter, and then back to its former volume.

Kent still stood in the middle of the floor watching the other brothers take the now-docile antagonists upstairs to sleep away their argument. Then he turned to her.

"You damned little fool! Haven't you got a grain of sense? If somebody'd swung, you'd have been right in the middle of it."

Sullenly she faced him, knowing the soundness of what he said, but unwilling to admit her wrong. Her pounding pulse had settled to a dull every beat. She again became conscious of the heat and smoke in the close room. Fretfully as a child, she dug her knuckles into the yielding softness of her eye sockets and savored the sweet release of pain. When she opened her eyes, Kent's face swam oddly before her. He stared at her intently for a moment, and then grabbed her arm and pulled her with him from the hot room.

"We are going outside," he said. "You've been in here too long."

The moon had painted everything in cold blues and blacks. The gravel crunched crisply beneath their feet as they walked towards Kent's car. The sudden chill acted as a stimulant and sent her blood singing through her body. She felt new; she felt clean.

They slid into the car and into each other's arms to keep warm. She shivered, a little from delight, and a little from the cold. Kent wrapped his arms tighter and began to kiss



her. Their love-making followed its usual pattern, but, somehow she sensed that there was a greater intensity in it. She felt herself respond to his caresses, yet she was on the outside observing everything. She knew exactly how their mingled bodies appeared, the expression on Kent's face and on her own. She was there, yet not there. Kent bent her backwards and eased himself over her. A tiny prick of warning touched her mind, but she disregarded it. An intoxicated feeling of being alive flooded her body and filled her with an un-named want. Kent led her with him and she joyously followed.

"What difference does it make?" she sang to the world. Kent fumbled at her clothing. The warning was a scream in her brain. Her song crumbled on her lips and panic pulled her body taut. A thousand fears without names or faces danced before her eyes. She fought off terror with

desperate determination. She saw her parents, she heard preached morals, she remembered stories and sniggers.

"Baby, baby," Kent moaned against her unresponsive body. She heard a sob, but she didn't realize that it was her own until she felt herself cradled in Kent's arms. Her body ached in protest against the fulfillment denied it. Her sobs were of comfort in the curve of Kent's neck, she hid there and denied each of his self-accusations and he denied each of hers, as they comforted each other with tender awkwardness.

The world was still blue-black and the gravel crunched as sharply as ever. "Everything's the same," she thought oddly surprised that it was so, "how strange." An idiotic giggle bubbled up in her throat. The moon seemed caught in the winter-starved trees. Everything was still and waiting, "so am I," she thought, "so is Kent."

## SONNET

Alice Schneider '61

*Pastel shadows, paler than the day  
Brought not then the dark, but brought us dawn.  
To brighter suns would morning burn away  
Til, promising, the shadows pale were drawn.  
Day looked to day, the light to waiting light,  
Like carts of flowers—blooming red and gold—  
In endless train, and spilling there the bright,  
The gaudy blooms upon our eyes. Such bold  
Continuance of time would live to die.  
Now pastel shadows, paler than the day  
Seek out the nights and mark them in the sky.  
The endless dawns and noons have burnt away.  
Now rightly kept are hours of shade and light,  
And justly brought, the quiet hours of night.*

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